Westward Ramblings and Home Again.

JACOB W. SLAGLE.

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Westward Ramblings

—AND—

Home Again.

—BY—

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I

THE SUMMER of 1893 was the harbinger of a history that was to perpetuate the name and establish the greatness of the people of the United States to the remotest parts of the earth, and to congregate a conglomeration of the most refined and highly civilized, with the most expensive, profligate and astute savagery; dissimilar in habits and customs; circumscribed within a systematically arranged acreage; adorned and ornamented by a cultured exhibition of unparallelled splendor.

The mammoth architectual beauty and sauvity of its buildings, stabling all the vast revolutionizing scientific mechanical improvements and devices that the cunning of man could discover and invent—in gold and silver; in iron and brass; in silk, lace and tapestry; in painting; in marble and bronze; in exhibitions on land and water; in wood and leather; in endless variety of flowers, shrubs and plants; in music and poetry; in mineral; in electricity; in agriculture and horticulture; in pride of state and foreign buildings; in artistic paths and bridges; in Indian and Laplander; in the inhabitants of the Islands of the sea and Oriental countries; in the rolling chairs; in

the electric fountains; in the Ferris Wheel; in religion and woman's unnatural advancement; in the hilarity with closed doors; in the festivities, in the noonday's sunshine; in the secret history of the Convent of La Rabida; in the numerous pavilions with open doors and windows; in appropriating and utilizing the ingenuity of the Greeks and Romans to divorce the lake from the land; to decorate the numerous arches and doorways of a colossal undertaking.

To this splendid display and entertainment the United States extended the hand of fellowship and hospitality, to all nations, to all classes and creeds, admitted without discrimination, to exhibit, advertise and market.

During the promulgation and formation of this gigantic enterprise, many of our old gray-headed fathers nodded their heads in warnings of failure and impossibility. Even states and cities rolled up their eyes into terrible whiteness, and shrunk from the lavish disbursements the superstructure would entail. But Young America, great from the very threshold of life and walking alone a full-fledged man, from the cradle to the grave; the very thought of such a prerogative, in his mature imagination moulded him instantly into a Commercial Hercules.

When the States in Congress assembled, were summoned to determine the meritorious contest for

this great prize, Error and Jealousy contended with each other in a fierce and spirited battle of words, which culminated in the Golden Apple falling happily into the lap of the youthful Chicago.

Men and women, with hearts to resolve, heads to control and willing hands to execute, excelling the cunning of a Ulysses and the eloquence of a Cicero, quickly unfolded an Atlas among them, and with their auxiliaries and ideas materalized, applied themselves to the construction and framing of the Columbus World's Fair.

The White City was, indeed, an unexpected surprise and pleasure to its multitude of visitors. Every effort that science could suggest, ingenuity could devise, and mechanics could discover, were invaded to contribute its share.

During the prolixity of its preparation and activity, there were rains of delight and storms of terror, but by making haste slowly, the undertaking was anchored safely in the out-stretched arms of success.

It was on the 17th day of May, 1893, after having pursued an active business life of years, disintegration played its part. The long array of sharp bargains firmly sepulchered, a new departure followed, and the long wished for wings of freedom realized.

The following trip was mapped out; Baltimore to Chicago, with it white Suburban City; southwesterly

to Saint Louis on the Mississippi; due westerly to California; south to San Diego; north to Tacoma, Puget Sound; thence to Victoria and Vancouver Island; east to Indianapolis thence to Cincinnati; thence to Baltimore, our starting point.

The start was made from Union Station, Baltimore, on the eleven-thirty morning train. With buoyant spirits and happy hearts, we glide over the shining iron rails of the Northern Central Railroad to Harrisburg, where we are transferred to the vestibuled Columbus Express for Chicago. Along the banks of the blue Juniata, over rugged mountains, round the horse-shoe bend via the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, to Pittsburg; thence via the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, through Ohio, with its checkered and diversified landscapes of wheat fields, prosperous towns and smooth rivers, into and through the state of Indiana, across the scattered prairies of Illinois to South Chicago, we are rapidly whirled, landing, at last, with whole bones and grateful hearts, at our destination. Disembarking with umbrella and satchel in hand, by marching and counter-marching, we finally untangle the torturous route to our rooms at the Baltimore Inn. The Inn not being in a habitable condition, we leave our responsibilities to the tender mercies of an almost empty house, a larder of cheese and crackers. Sallying forth across the sand lots into unknown depths of

Suburban Chicago, we succeed in procuring rooms at the Vendome Club, corner Oglesby Avenue and 62nd street. Our baggage having been anchored, we rest the remainder of the day, imbued with great expectations for the morrow, as the gilded spires of the White City loomed up before us, four blocks distant. The morning welcomed us with a brightness that only the middle of May could furnish. As there were four of us, we would naturally be in a perfect fervor of enthusiasm, as we were about to realize the crowning pinnacle of our great anticipation.

With smiling faces and hidden effervescent ecstacies of delight eager to be satisfied; in a rapid pace we start up 62nd Street, passing the Bankers Hotel, and crossing a vacant lot, by tunnel underneath the tracks of the Illinois Central Railroad, close to Buffalo Bill's Wild Western Show, to Stony Island Avenue, we reached the gateway. Our hands in our deep pockets, produce four bright silver half-dollars, and singly pass through the swinging gate, and touch the dedicated ground with its ponderous weight of stately buildings. The Transportation Building was the first to attract our admiration, with its gilded, refulgent doorway, and was our guide during subsequent visits on entering and departing.

II

AFTER two weeks of lucrative gratification, on the morning of June 1st, we leave the White City for St. Louis, via Chicago & Alton Railroad passing through a rich and fertile country, prosperous cities, and flourishing towns, and arrived at St. Louis in the afternoon, putting up at the Southern Hotel, where no one need regret seeking comfort and safety. Next morning, we take a carriage and drive around the city, visiting, among other noted attractions, Westmoreland Place, the pride of the city—a suburb of luxurious homes, reflecting wealth and taste both in architectural beauty of the buildings and in excellency of the care in beautifying the surroundings. The Park is a large one, and as nature created it.

After a night's rest and another day's sight-seeing, we start for Kansas City over the Burlington Route, passing through the central portion of Missouri, and arrive at Kansas City, on the banks of the muddy Missouri River, apparently landing in the crater of an extinct volcano. Omnibuses and carriages are not much in demand, as the city is a terraced cliff—most travel being performed by cable and electric

cars. We put up at the Coats House, beautifully located and a desirable place for tourists. The city is largely built with Eastern capital, as New England —Boston and Yankee names appear on all the large buildings. The streets are well paved, and the public buildings are large and substantial. The city at present is laboring under a great financial depression, owing to its expansion, over-production and rapid advance in unimproved land, and the general business stagnation. We continue our route westward through the state of Kansas. Along our path, we find the busy immigrant building and living in dugouts, or caves, and low houses built of sod, that present a cold and uncomfortable welcome, but in strength and durability they withstand the summer storms and winter blizzards. While the land is both level and rolling, it wears the appearance of quiet and solitude.

We enter the plains of the state of Colorado, on a beautiful Sunday afternoon and make a halt at Denver, and register at the Windsor Hotel, but although it is large and substantial, tourists prefer a more central location. After dinner we change to Brown's Palace Hotel, which ranks as one of the finest in the West, possessing very pleasing accommodations. Denver, like many other western cities, is of rapid growth, large and elegant buildings, wide streets, equipped with electric and cable cars. Many handsome private dwellings adorn the upper portion of the city, with

the usual roomy western surroundings, beautiful with green sod, trees, and flowers. The streets are lined with well stocked-stores and many shoppers. In the evening, we visit the Tabor Opera House, and witness some strange contortions of the muscles of the face and body and enjoy the merry songs, especially a comical burlesque on the famous song of Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-a.

The climate of Denver, and Colorado in general, is pleasant the greater part of the year, and attracts many invalids. It is a pure western city, with its constant gold and silver mining excitement, smeltings works, and mercurial fluctuations in land. The unconquerable cowboy, in all his bold and reckless career, is reared and flourishes here in all his wild abandonment, squandering his earnings in gambling and riotous living.

From Denver, many interesting side trips may be made. We selected Georgetown and Silver Plume, which can be easily and comfortably visited. Taking the morning train, in a little while, we are among the Rockies, passing through the great gorges, over the rapid and swollen streams, along towering mountains of solid rock, rising like a great masonry of volcanic workmanship. We reach Idaho Springs, a mountain summer resort, with its merry crowds awaiting the train. We ascend the mountains, whose snow-covered peaks are painted against the

blue sky. Upward the engine drags the train, until Georgetown is reached, nestling in a hollow surrounded by lofty mountains. Iron trestle works, spanning from mountain to mountain, are crossed, down along the narrow borders of deep chasms, with foaming waters, we pick our way gradually, crawling down the mountain side and recrossing the valley, underneath the railroad, and then again up the mountain side we climb, forming a perfect loop in the railroad track. As we look back, the winding loop and Georgetown stand out in full view, deep down in the in the mountain gorge. Silver Plume, the terminus of the road, is reached at midday. After refreshments, we take stages and visit the Mendotta Silver Mine, which we explore a distance of two thousand feet, each one armed with a flaming tallow dip or tin lantern. Away back in the mud and water was a narrow plank, from which some one was constantly making a misstep with an "O my! dear me!" We find the miners picking and breaking the ore bearing mineral. We returned to Denver on the evening train.

Next morning, bidding farewell to Denver, via, Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, we go south passing ranches and grazing lands for the numerous herds of roaming cattle. At a rapid glance, a faint idea of the hardships and pleasures of a life on the prairies are realized. At noon, we reach Palmer

Lake, situated at the foot of the Rocky Range. The beautiful lake spreads out before us with its bright gaudy-colored row-boats and artificial rocky islands. After a hurried lunch, we continue southward, arriving at Colorado Springs in the afternoon. The Antlers Hotel gave us a hearty welcome. The town is beautifully laid out—its streets, one hundred feet wide, are ornamented with double rows of trees and intervening driveways; besides the climate is most delightful. The town is famous as a health resort, in fact, it is supported by crowds of invalids, who flock here from all parts. No foundries, furnaces or workshops that would produce and emit smoke or dust are permitted within the city limits. The sanitary regulations are jealously guarded.

Many pleasant and attractive places are within easy access, where Nature has lavishly unfolded her hidden exhibitions of entertainments. Cheyenne Canon was reached by electric cars, extending a few miles from town, and then by carriage we entered the canon. It being the first we explored, it was almost overpowering, our stock of adjectives was exhausted applauding its rocky and watery construction. The terminus is banked up with solid piles of rock almost perpendicular, thousands of feet high, curtained in gorgeous array with seven distinct water-falls, splashing down thousands of feet, playing hide and seek among the crevices and rocks. A steep and dan-

gerous-looking wooden stairway extends to the top of the falls, we ascend as high as the sixth falls, but owing to the overwhelming solitude and menacing surroundings, retrace our foot-steps, and are very glad when we reach the last step and startlingly view the picturesque heights from our starting point of dangers passed. But there is a glorious memory to be treasured of a glimpse of virgin nature in her most dangerous and threatening garb. Entering our carriage, return, and shudderingly pick our way through the great piles of rocks on all sides promisciously suspended over our heads and immense boulders crumbled at our feet that storm and rain had wrenched from their strongholds and hurled from their lofty heights. The wrathful stream dashing against the broken rocks, circulates the cool spray on all sides.

We take the evening train for Manitou Srings, five miles distant, a famous mountain and water resort, and rich in points of interest. We stop at the Grand View Hotel, but better our situation by moving to the Cliff House, opposite the park and wonderful Soda Springs, whose bubbling waters are laden with medicinal qualities that prove a panacea for many of the ills that flesh is heir to. After an afternoon and night's rest, the morning opens with a real summer mountain sunshine. A drive through the garden of the gods possesses many wonderful attractions, the opulence of colored rocks, assuming strange and

fanciful forms. The imagination is busied discovering and solving resemblances of beasts, birds, mushroom villages, seal and bear, two camels kissing, the great balance rock, and all kinds of wonderful freaks of nature. Glen Eyre, the summer home of General Palmer, a wild romantic retreat, is kindly thrown open and made free for the public to drive through. Leaving the Garden, which is really the entrance, the gate-way is constructed of brilliant red sand stone rising from the level ground over three hundred feet in height with but a narrow drive-way between the great pillars that are slowly but surely crumbling into dust. Crossing the sacred threshold, we regained the prairie, and by a circuitus drive, reach the hotel.

Next morning we drive through William's Canon small but beautiful, with its lofty and many colored rocks, we ascend the mountain by way of Ute Pass, so intimately associated with the fierce and ruthless Indian in the early history of our country. We visit the Grand Caverns, and Rain-bow Falls, whose waters steal rapidly and silently along, until they come falling over the rocks, whose large drops of sporting foam, forming a brilliant rainbow. Next morning Pikes Peak, that ever present white-capped sentinel in view from almost every standpoint, towering among the many peaks, enlist the interest of every traveler, as he gazes upward to its white crest 14,147

feet above the level of the sea, supposed to be the highest accessible point in the world. The summit is reached by a cog wheel rail-road, a skillful piece of engineering, nine miles in length, affording us a novel way of reaching so varied and picturesque a height. The engine is of peculiar construction, and the track is provided with a third rail with safety cogs; both engine and cars being built on low trucks to prevent them from becoming top-heavy on short curves, or in case of storms and high winds which are of frequent occurrence. The fare is five dollars for the round trip, and requires two hours to reach the top; the ascent being at times very steep. Slowly we ascend from a Summer's day to Fall, then to mid-winter, above the timber line, until at last we reach the summit through a cut-out passage of snow towering above the cars. The top of the peak is solid rock entirely covered with snow, the loneliness of the surroundings being relieved by a telegraph office, weather observatory, and lunch station. Many large mountain rats are seen leaping among the rocks, as large as a full grown gray squirrel, brown in color, covered with thick fur and long bushy tail. A photograph of the party is taken. The air is very light and many find respiration difficult and distressing.

The view from the border is something marvelous; an unrivalled panorama of mountain ranges, beautiful parks and distant towns. Immediately around, all is

snow, as the eye roams across the vast abyss beneath, Colorado Springs appear in the distance like a cloud speck. Away off Longs Peak, 14271 feet, and Grays Peak 14441 feet high respectively, and numerous others, clothed with caps of snow are observed. A few hours are very pleasantly passed. The return was cold and stormy, until we reached timber line, where we then begin to shed heavy wraps, and soon Summer is again all around with its fresh green wardrobe.

On our way to the hotel, we quench our thirst at the celebrated Iron Spring, strongly impregnated with iron, the waste water almost depositing a trough of irony sediment.

III

IN the morning we take the train for Colorado Springs, South, via Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, through a country of cattle ranches and over wild and lonely plains. On the distant elevation we watch a "round up" comprising hundreds of cattle, with letters branded on their sides, some lying down, others restless, cowboys on horseback riding around to prevent a stampede, wagons for shelter, cooking utensils promiscuously scattered around. We arrive at Puebla in the afternoon and stop at the Grand Hotel. After adjusting our wardrobe, we take an electric car for down town. Find many business houses and handsome homes, one especially, an elaborate red sandstone, surrounded by a beautiful lawn, covered with healthy fresh green sod, reminding one of a very sweet spring day, unfolding itself from the clouds; as this country is hot, sandy and everything is dry and and parched. Well paved streets, smelting works; a beautiful lake a few miles from the city affords good fishing and bathing.

As the state of Colorado is a great producer of gold and silver, iron and copper, also granite and marble, and different varieties of coal; it seemed fit

that a building should be constructed to display her immense subterranean wealth, hence a Mineral Palace was erected at Puebla. It is said to be the largest and most valuable collection of mineral specimens in the world.

The Arkansas River passes through the centre of the city at a fall of seventeen feet to the mile. While out sight-seeing in the electric car, on crossing the bridge of this muddy stream, one of our ladies inquired of a gentleman holding a tin bucket in his sun-burnt hands and wearing a working-man's wardrobe—what river it was we were crossing? With a look of scorn yet softened with a pleasant grin, he replied, "What river? why woman, where did you come from? This is the Arkansas River, what are you doing down in this part of the town anyway? This is no place for you. Go up town in the big streets, see the big stores, Grand Opera House, then you will see something worth looking at." The off-hand and profuse panegyric and liberal generosity of egotistical home pride, was freezing. The audience enjoyed the hilarious manner more than the instruction.

Puebla is the grand gateway to the Rockies with its concealed wealth and extravagant scenery. We leave Puebla, anxious to enter the doorway of the mighty mountains.

The sights of wonder and bewitching beauty, beyond the power of pen or pencil, brush or camera, to

portray the land of surprises, the land of admiration. Soon we are among the awe-inspiring scenery that abounds in this country.

The monster Royal Gorge looms up before us, the windows of the cars are quickly ornamented with expectant faces, surprise, terror and grandeur struggle one with another for the ascendency. Great walls of rock hem us in, apparently reaching to the clouds, we stretch our necks until our heads ache, frequently not being able to see the track fifty feet in advance. Wonder piles upon wonder, as the glories of the heaped up rocks confront us,—now on the left, now on the right, these sharp-edged knightly cliffs, each one half concealing its companion in front, rising perpendicularly from the bed of the track. For miles you cannot see the engine on account of the serpentine construction of the road. Peak and pinnacle, cliff and chasm, are on every hand, whilst at your feet lies the river, curling and rushing onward with its never ceasing roar. The thoughtful, wonder what power piled up this massive superstructure; how the great banks of solid rock took their stations as sentinels of creation.

Gradually ascending eleven thousand feet through this spectacular scenery, we reach the master mining town of Leadville, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and are domiciled at the Kitchel Hotel, now surnamed the Vendome. Immediately after registering, we start out to look up the town. Here we purchased

our first fruit from the Pacific Coast, such cherries and apricots; large, rich and juicy. In the evening, we walk to the suburbs, and witness the setting sun, kissing the snow peaks of the western range of mountains, and after a short twilight, all is veiled in darkness. Leadville is proudly, but humbly, located on a mountain throne, perched on the very top of a mountainous range, it is yet surrounded by higher ones. The history of Leadville reads like a fairy tale and satisfies us by proof that it is a typical mining town.

Our feelings while walking the streets of this modern Sodom, were not of the most assuring. Its early history is one of riot and wild abandon, the population consisting of adventurers and outcasts. Gambling, murder and wicked debauchery, had the ascendency. But its revelry and rioting scenes have been replaced by law abiding citizens. Yet the idle corner lounger with pistol and knife dangling from around the body are not very inviting to look upon, and many of them seem soldiering in the same old uniforms, only awaiting favorable opportunities.

The surrounding scenery is magnificent, walled in on all sides by towering mountains, whose tops and sides are covered with snow and the bowels of which contain such marvels of untold wealth. The streets remain in a rough condition, high sidewalks on wooden piles for pedestrians, there are no street cars. Its

dilapidated wild, border-ruffian appearance is its cardinal attraction.

We quit Leadville on a morning train, and meandering among the mountains, along the banks of foaming streams, pass the Holy Cross, by nature's roughness wrought, formed by two transverse gorges of immense depth, filled with perpetual snow, away up amid the wild mountains, there in silence and beauty gleams the splendor of this living Cross, that pictures a history to the thoughtful mind.

Onward the train rushes, around sharp curves along the borders of deep chasms, around and over winding rivers. We entered the plains and leave the mountains as abruptly, as if passing through an open door in an artificial wall; gradually descending into the open plains, covered with dusty looking sage-bushes and crawling thorny cactus plants.

IV

WE turn now our backs on the Rocky Mountains. The plain is planted with hundreds of little mounds, upon which the sprightly little prairie dogs are seated, and on the approach of the train the cunning little fellows seek safety in flight, entering their underground homes. Arrived in Salt Lake City, are quartered at the Knutzford Hotel, located in the centre of the city. Salt Lake City, on account of its peculiar social and political combination, has many points of interest, which are now being rapidly eliminated and new inovations introduced. The surrounding country counts its mineral wealth by millions. The celebrated Ontario silver mine is located about fifty miles from the city away up in the snow-capped mountains. The water from the mountains, flowing clear and pure is troughed through the the streets for irrigation purposes.

Temple Block contains about ten acres surrounded by massive mud walls, built by Brigham Young and his jolly followers. Within are located the Tabernacle, where the Latter-day Saints worship; it is built in the shape of a colossal ellipse two hundred and fifty feet

long, and its seating capacity is about ten thousand persons.

The organ is an instrument of wonder and dignified beauty, constructed as it is of black walnut wood, the tone is something astonishing, its charming sweet and concordant notes are never to be forgotten. Generally every morning some musical member of the church dispenses music for the visiting public, as many tourists include Salt Lake City in their trip. The inhabitants are disposed to show the novelties of the city to all its curious friends and foot-sore travelers; at Sunday services there is a chorus of two hundred voices taking part in the exercises. The acoustic qualities of the building are very remarkable. By going to the farthest end of the gallery, a pin may be heard dropped on the wooden railings, where the rubbing of the hands can be distinctly heard and even a gentle whisper is wafted clear and is understood distinctly.

In the same walled inclosure is the Temple, where no one is admitted but the high dignitaries of the church. It is built of sparkling white granite, said to have cost eight million dollars, and is two hundred feet long, and one hundred feet wide, with several graceful towers two hundred and twenty feet, towering up like exclamation points. The structure is neat and attractive, pleasing and massive. The walls are reported to be ten feet thick and the beauty

and cleanliness is something to be admired, and one would conjecture that it was polished every night, as the morning sunshine illuminates its glittering and shining formation.

East of the Temple are the homes of Brigham Young's wives, substantial and unpretentious looking buildings. The Lion House is surmounted by a cadaverous somnolent lion carved out of sandstone. The Bee Hive home adjoining with a good size bee hive perched on the very top of the building swaming with a multitude of honey bees, emblems of strength and endurance and of industry and overflowing sweetness. Immediately on the opposite side of the street is the Amelia Palace, once a beautiful structure, for the sixteen year old favorite wife of the Prophet, but now occupied by the Keely Gold Cure. Contiguous to the Amelia Palace, in a quiet, unostentatious lot of ground, enclosed by an iron railing, lies the body of the once lordly Bringham, so numerously married, so numerous a father.

Salt Air, on the lake is reached by rail, whose terminal is enhanced by a palatial pavilion capable of accommodating thousands of people. The lake is a delightful place to bathe in, one feels wonderfully refreshed and invigorated, after floating on its billowy bosom like a mighty cork, without the least fear of sinking, as the water contains seventeen to twenty per cent of salt. Care must be exercised not

to get the water in the eyes, as it is very painful, as well as unpleasant to the taste. Report says that its saline qualities have great bearing on the health and climate of the city and the immediate vicinity.

The first house built is pointed out as one of the curiosities, a small one story mud whitewashed hut, but in good state of preservation. The old bulky mud walls that surround the Temple, the homes of Brigham and his followers, although built in a primitive style and under many disadvantages, as the materials and conveniences, were at the period of their erection limited and had to be supplied from long distances, yet these countless round stones, laid in beds of mud have weathered the storms and the cruel wear and tear of time.

We find among the masses of the city, a mysterious and superstitious expansion of imagination in regard to the Prophet's works, which are revered by them with a certain sacredness, that is a secure sentinel of protection to those of a destructive turn of mind.

The Zion Co-operative Mercantile store, the great centre of Mormon bargaining, where every thing may be bought from a steam engine to a boot-jack, occupies a large building and seems to be in a thriving and prosperous condition.

The old homes of Mormons who have passed the great divide can be readily recognized driving through

the city, as they are all built double and of the same Mormon mud architecture, two story, the door entering in the centre of the front. What a history these homes could unfold, in their prosperous periods of freedom. Talk of the quills of the fretful porcupine! Picture that little winged Cupid's occupation shooting with unerring aim, lover poisoned armor, propelled with the tender power of a spider's web, and piercing its victims with the vigorous strength of a giant.

Standing amid this destruction of womanly hopes, burried sorrows, beautiful charms, golden ringlets encircling snowy necks, crimson cheeks, the swelling of the bosom as passion and expectation jostle each other in the hot brain, doubts and fears, jealousy and envy, cunning and diplomacy, fanned by the lover's hot breath, suffocating disappointment, suffering of mortality, withered hearts, deformities of age, and then indelibly stamped upon the mind a sad picture of the frailties of human life.

We continue our journey west-ward to Ogden the terminus of the Rio Grande Western Railroad, and the beginning of the Southern Pacific, following the shore of the Great Salt Lake over the boundless stretches of sand of the great American Desert, with nothing to hold communion with the sky, struggling sage bushes, and the cactus plants, which with their prickly protection in spite of the scorching sun continue to thrive in rebellious thrift. It seemed as

you could hear the plants breathing in their laborious growth, see them rising in their stinted impotency in search of the sun, and the refreshing morning dew-drops. We cross the dreary waste, and entering Nevada, the face of the country changes, great hills of rock that are gradually crumbling into dust and forming great and perfect looking elephant backs, bare of vegetation, as the pate of the ball head sitting in the front row of the orchestra chairs in a crowded theatre, where short skirts and low down shame dresses form the undisguised and forcible ululatory plot of intrigue acting.

Further on, youthful vegetation begins to appear, until the hills are brilliantly crazy quilted with a growth of wild flowers of every hue, each little unfolding bud and flower striving to out-shine its next neighbor, wasting their fragrance on the desert air.

Entering California, we come to the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. The sight of trees and green grass again cover the rolling country and is very welcome to the weary traveler. Gradually we ascend the mountains, passing through seventy miles of snow sheds, at times barricaded in snow, throwing a mantel of darkness around as heavy as midnight; as we slowly wind our course through a labyrinth of tunnels of solid rock.

Reaching the summit we stop for lunch, the entire country is covered with snow, as we return

from lunch one of our newly made companions, inquire, if we have seen the great red mountain bat imprisoned in front of the hotel: pressing our way through the anxiously waiting crowd, to be entertained, approached with trembling hand and raised the artistic white and carefully adjusted curtain only to find a large red brick-bat portrayed in black paint to represent a red bat. This is one of the many jokes that haunt the station for the entertainment of the tourists. We descend through the snow sheds into the open country of the beautiful Sierra Nevada valley into Sacramento City, the capital of the state. We stopped at the West House an odd decayed and uninviting place, where we did *not* feed on quail and manna. The Capital is a fine, stately granite structure patterned after the capital at Washington, enclosed with charmingly laid-out grounds, plentifully ornamented with trees, palms, flowers and shrubs.

In the morning we journeyed Southward through a new country with varied scenery to Berenda, arriving about four o'clock in the afternoon of a hot June day. A town mostly composed of air, we surrendered ourselves to the diminutive, but proudly named Hotel Berenda. The boarders seemed more servants to Bacchus, than Venus, flesh or vegetables. No sleepy hollow chairs of comfort or pompadour sofas to relieve our somnolence. Tallow dips are

brought into requisition to illuminate the darkness. Our belongings are stowed in the baggage room at the station, which serves as our dressing room, as there was no go-cart for removing baggage. The novelty of changing our wardrobe in a baggage room, playing hide and seek behind the great trunks, was not as convenient as it was ludicrous. As there was no train to take us to Raymond, we put in the afternoon resting very pleasantly.

It being harvest time, the vast unfenced fields of golden grain, bright and clean as if it had been bleached, so light and brittle that a handful can be broken by hand power as if cut with a sharp knife, and rubbed between the palms of the hands into a powder. It only rains in this country. certain months in the year. The wheat is harvested by reapers merely cutting off the heads of the stalks, which are carried by means of a revolving endless sheet to a cylinder, then to a fan through a spout to a platform, where two men receive it in sacks, which are sewed up and cast aside. All the time the ponderous machine is moving along. The mammoth harvester takes a swath of thirty feet wide and being drawn by thirty-four horses, the work is performed very rapidly and thoroughly making a complete finish as it moves along.

Next morning June 20th, we take the train for Raymond, about twenty miles distant. Looking

from the car windows, we are entertained by thousands of playful squirrels and hundreds of jack rabbits, sporting and skipping over the thinly clad fields. At Raymond, we stop at the Raymond Hotel, after an early dinner, stages holding twelve persons, drawn by four horses, receive the party. We make the start for the Yosemite Valley. Our stage contained ten passengers, the set out is brisk and almost exciting, and hopes run high for a social trip. But a few miles, like old father Æneas' wanderings, we are surrounded by a cloud. So we are not only enveloped, by the scorching rays of the sun, but by an abominal and unpleasant cloud of dust, that remains a close companion the entire day. Some of our foreign friends swore clear through the book, chapter after chapter, not omitting a single word. All wrapped in lap covers, that often made us wish we could take off our flesh and sit in our naked bones.

The first lunch station found us looking like so many flour millers. After being relieved of our surplus covering, and giving vent to our disgust in sulphurous adjectives, and having taken a thorough ablution, and satisfying our appetites, a change of horses, we enter the cloud again, journeying through the National Park, like a Turkish woman, with only our eyes uncovered. In the distance, for an instant among the rocks we see a rare species of bird, called the Road-runner, somewhat resembling a very large

turkey, but gray in color. In the evening we arrive at the Wavona Hotel, a cool and delightful retreat among the mountains, where we spend the night. Next morning we resume our journey, each one occupying strictly the same seat in the stage, so as to avoid any contention. The road improves and large pine trees cast their shadows across our path as we proceed.

Passing the Government encampment of soldiers detailed to guard the Park, from the depredations of the hunter and sheep herder, noting with care the rules and regulations pasted on trees, which are rigidly enforced, we meander along the river and thence ascend the mountain side, observing great quantities of curious and valuable manzanita wood and the bunchy mistletoe. Arriving finally at the Stoneman House in the Yosemite Valley in the evening.

The Valley is about eight miles long and one-half to a mile wide, and differs from others by the near approach of its walls running almost perpendicularly to great heights, and having little debris at their base. We enter the Valley from the mountain heights, zig-zagging down, making many short turns in the road, like a ship tacking against an ill wind. To the left are the Cascade Falls, pouring their shattered contents into the splintered hearts of the rocks, the sunlight kissing them, gleam like a sparkling shower

of molten silver. The Valley seems like a huge trough, ground out of the rock during the glacier period. The mountain walls are carved out with many quarried recesses that exhibit new beauties as you pass along. Everywhere is heard the ripple of waters, let loose from the icy fetters gamboling down the rocks in the gorgeous sunshine.

Inspiration Point is reached over five thousand feet above the level, and a panorama of sublime beauty lies before us. The first waterfall, we approach pouring over the side of the mountain, is the Bridal Veil, eight hundred and sixty feet high, the overflow forming three distinct young rivers.

The Widow's Tears a short distance, a copious flow from the lachrymental fountain, lends strong evidences of saddened widowhood and a lacerated heart, as years and probably centuries have not diminished the bitter overflow.

Almost opposite are the graceful Virgin's Tears, unloading its joyous stream of youthful mirth, blushing in its naked well shaped ankles, wishing to be hurried back among the protecting crevices, in the rocks, giggling and laughing after its long airy flight, touching the disappointed world and only wishing to be put unstained and undefiled back into the deep sea.

Away to the front hovers the sharpened heads of the Three Brothers, of solid rock, over seven thousand

feet high, old and careworn. We pass under the shadow of Cathedral Rock with its lofty spires over five thousand feet, natural as if built by man, gorgeously framed in green pine. Then comes the chief of the Valley, the El Capitan, like a Chinese wall, over seven thousand feet high. Off in the distance is the Cap of Liberty over seven thousand feet high. North Dome struggling for a position in the grand galaxy, is about the same height.

To the left, a rumbling roar attracts our attention, as the trees and mountains clear the view, we behold a captivating spectacle. The Yosemite Falls, the foam and mist pouring down like rain, the dashing of the water as it comes with a sweet and swelling boom over the rock three thousand feet above, into the fallen and crumbling rocks below seeking its hidden channels, rush shudderingly onward to the sea.

Overhead among the heights is the homely Clouds Rest, the father of the Valley, mellowed by the friendly touch of time, and clothed in a shroud of eternal white. Under the shadows of this monster mountain is located the Stoneman House.

Opposite are the Stair Steps Falls, stealing down the shelving rocks, playing fast and loose. To the left are the Ribbon Falls with its long narrow unbroken white stream, battling its way into the river. Almost overhead is Glacier Point. Immediately back of the hotel, about half a mile, the walls of the

Valley rise perpendicularly thousands of feet. Trails lead to the top, where are the Vernal and Nevada Falls and Mirror Lake which are visited on horseback.

The overflow of these falls form the Merced River, rushing wildly over broken rocks, fallen trees, tearing itself away and leaping over every obstacle as it dashes down through the valley.

This being the terminus, the stages leave in the morning for the return. At Inspiration Point a halt is called and after one great long retrospective gaze, the grand old valley with its geological monstrosities fades away behind the rocks and trees. The road, narrow and torturous, leads up the steep mountain among the tall pine trees, where the thick undergrowth presents a safe retreat for bears and other wild animals.

We reach Mariposa Grove, the home of the Big Trees, gigantic monsters, probably thousands of years old and hundreds of feet high. Grizzly Giant, the great captain of the grove, is wrinkled and aged, with heavy rough layers of bark, and a true specimen of Sequoia Giganti, thirty three feet in diameter and over three hundred feet high, and so old, that its very heart is worn hollow from the many years of service, drawing its nourishment up through great roots to supply its lofty altitude. Another specimen is twenty-eight feet in diameter, a living tree, a way cut through to admit our stage and four horses to pass

along. The woods are full of these immense trees, which mark the age of this curious country's history.

In due time we reach the Raymond, having shaken and left the dust from off our feet, but the walls of our intellect remain frescoed and illuminated with the rare and lofty landscapes of the princely beauty of the Yosemite Valley.

Any one wishing to visit the Yosemite Valley, should make the start from San Francisco, and many inconveniences will be avoided.

V

AT eight o'clock in the evening we leave Berenda, for Fresno, arriving at twelve o'clock midnight, and change to a sleeper. The early morning finds us on the Mojave desert, a silent waste, resting in indolent repose, full of unproductiveness. At Mojave we take dinner, and after entering a more fertile country arrive at Los Angeles in the afternoon, and stop at the Hollanbeck Hotel. Los Angeles is a beautiful city, having elegant banks and Safe Deposit Buildings with all the modern conveniences, stately business blocks, charming homes surrounded with orange trees, pepper trees, palms and flowers. Electric cars penetrate to every part of the city and suburbs. Figuero and Adams are the principal streets for palatial private homes, fenced about by spacious grounds, overgrown with endless varieties of flowers, trees and shrubbery. The lavish manner in which the homes are built, constitute the very acme of comfort and extravagant beauty. Lovers of rest will find here more than they may even hope for in being attracted thither to enjoy its climate, its fruit and its flowers. Outlet to every kind of scenery and pleasure by land or sea.

The old Spanish part of the town remains as in early times. The old mission church with its tower and bells, Chinatown, Joss House and curio shops are buildings and places that beguile the tourist of many hours of time and dollars of money.

From Los Angeles we pass on to Pasedena, nine miles in the San Gabriel Valley. This entire town seems like a vast park of orange groves and flower gardens, the golden fruit and bright tinted roses forming a brilliant embroidery among the thick green foliage, that almost conceal the handsome villas, whose spires are shining marks of their whereabouts. The Raymond Hotel is a splendid plain structure on the distant hill to the South. A drive through the town discloses beautiful homes and ornamental lawns. We pass through San Barnadino, a thriving town, from which great trains of fruit are dispatched to every part of the country. Our next stop is Riverside, the new centre of a fruit region, the home of the Navel orange. We put up at the Glen House, situated among orange trees. Here we pluck our first succulent orange from the tree, rich in color and fit for the gods in taste. It is a paradise for orange groves, almonds, English waluts, figs and citron. The cactus and palms form a glowing picture never to be obliterated. The most beautiful drive in the world is said to be Magnolia Avenue, one hundred and fifty feet wide, bordered on either side by pepper and olive trees, and

rows of palms, century plants and tropical bushes of every variety and of huge proportions. Miles of beautiful villas line the road and the air is redolent with the flavor of blossoms and fruits. Irrigation troughs meander in every direction conveying gurgling streamlets, which furnish the very sustenance of life to both tree and bush.

We continue our journey Southward, the road winding through a flourishing country along the sea-coast, then at times turning inland among high rugged bluffs, then at times again to the coast. This portion of the country is full of romance and adventure somewhat clouded and obscure on account of its early settlement, pregnant with superstition. Old missions crumbling pillars and weather-stained crosses, now and then mark the country of unwritten history. We arrive at San Diego, June 23d, and are quickly driven to the Florence Hotel, situated on the heights in the suburbs, commanding a fine view of both the city and the Pacific Ocean. The grounds around the hotel are handsome and extensive; the gravelled walks and elaborate beds of flowers, tempt you to break one of the commandments. The air is delightfully soft and balmy, we find the city in an overwhelmingly panicky condition, every bank in the town, labelled closed, and the general surroundings wear the clothes of a Sunday in an Eastern village.

Stores and corner fruit stands abound with cherries, apricots and oranges, in their choicest size, color

and flavor. A long tongue of land runs between San Diego and the ocean, forming a large and safe anchorage for the shipping craft. On this strip of land is situated the Coronado Beach Hotel which is reached by ferry boat across the bay, where a motor car awaits to carry you to the hotel. Here we spend Sunday June 25th. The hotel is a vast structure of piled up turrets, and unique chimneys, a great piece of wooded workmanship. Located on the sand washed shores of the Pacific Coast; it is furnished with every convenience necessary for comfort and entertainment. It is said to be the largest hotel in the world. The surroundings are a marvel of wonder in natural and created beauty; great banks and long figured beds of solid roses and trailing vines covered with blossoms abound. There are miles of interesting drives and walks, where one can watch the incoming long crested waves, that in their majestic swell reach and perish on the snow white beach. Crowds are loitering in the parlors, and on the long circular verandas enjoying the spicy breezes in easy chairs. Lose your wife or sweatheart in the mazy labyrinth and it will be a puzzle to find her, we visit the ostrich farm, and also from the great iron pier, in true Walterrian fashion, cast his line, and catch the sly and cunning surf fish.

Facing the entire length of the hotel, with its majestic roll, is the Pacific, a source of never ending

delight, the sound of the beating swelling surf is a perpetual one. Gathering shells along the miles of shore, that are constantly being carried upward by the incoming waves. Bathing is an every day pastime. The sunsets are beautiful, emblazoned in gold and crimson upon the clouds and mountains; the moonlight scenes reflected from the barren sands, the waves rolling to the pebbled shore, like banks of shining silver, after splashing and dying away in feathery spray, reaching high upon the shore only to be swallowed back in the ocean's deep embrace; the steamers gliding in the distance like an ebon black spectre; then at times the sublime frightful quiet, as we gaze upon the bright silvery path on the water, reflected by the moon. Within doors are such other adjuncts as usually ornament a first class watering resort, with its kind of lazy dreaming atmosphere of a a go as you please.

From this Gem of the Ocean, we return to San Diego, thence to Los Angeles. From here many side trips may be made. We take the morning train for Santa Monica, seventeen miles to the seacoast, a summer resort. The electric cars run the entire length of the town; we stop in a taxidermist store and examine the many beautiful specimens of the feathery tribe of both sea and land. Strolling along the shore, we seat ourselves in the pavillion watching the playful antics of the bathers. Our sporting fish-

erman betakes himself with hook and line to the great iron pier, with ponderous bait and smiling expectations, and casts the hopeful line in the Pacific Ocean, and actually caught a surf fish, the largest caught up to that hour of the day. We wander along the shore to the Arcadia Hotel, with its vast flower beds, trees and shrubbery.

Boarding the noon train for Rodondo Beach, we take dinner at the Rodondo Hotel. Rodondo Beach besides being a summer resort, is a place of some commercial importance, possessing an immense iron pier, which receives the railway cars, and dumps their freight by means of a mammoth derrick into the largest steamers. Here we witness the novel sight of ocean seining, casting and hauling in the well stocked net of ocean mackeral, a seemingly very dangerous industry, carried on among the wild and boisterous surf, but only playful amusement to the ventursome every day fisherman. We return to Los Angeles by afternoon train, and taking the evening train, arrive in San Francisco at nine o'clock in the morning of June 28th. We stop at the Palace Hotel, built around a spacious court, large enough for carriages to drive in and surrounded with marble coping and asphalt floors; potted plants ornament every part of the interior and verandas encircling the eight stories, are furnished in white and gold. San Francisco on account of its constantly threatened earthquakes, is

mostly built of wood. Down town many handsome stone and brick buildings are replacing the wooden structures. The city is hilly, but nicely laid out in broad avenues, and many private residences adorn conspicuous points. Nob Hill, the home of the millionare is covered with handsome homes and ornamented grounds. The Hopkins palatial residence, said to have cost a million dollars, a gift to the city, contains many fine paintings, statuary and rare curiosities from foreign lands. A drive to the Golden Gate Park, presents many wild and varied scenes and every kind of flower the country produces, trees and boulders overspread the rolling hills. The Cliff House, high up on the rocky shore of the Pacific, affords a beautiful view of the country and ocean. A few hundred feet from the shore, hundreds of frisky sea-lions lie sleeping among the rocks, sunning themselves, some splashing and sporting in the water. By care and kindness they have become somewhat domestic and some will venture to the shore for food.

We dine at the Baldwin Hotel, and visit the Union Iron plants, the largest on the Pacific Coast, where we go aboard the battleship Oregon, now building at these works.

A stroll through Chinatown by night with a guide, develops many curiosities and adventures. It is located in the heart of the city and numbers about thirty thousand. The habits and customs of the

Chinaman are vigorously observed and the stores, restaurants and Joss Houses are run day and night, in all their gaudy imported western style. Chinese theatre opens five o'clock, and closes twelve midnight. We enter about eleven o'clock, and our guide immediately ushered us behind the scenes among the actors, and actresses, among costumes, paint, and all colors of powder, with scanty gauze partitions of privacy for performers. A chair was placed on the stage and we occupied a prominent place among the stage players and orchestra of mixed music. Upwards of two thousand Chinamen and women occupied the seats and standing room, the women are partitioned off, unaccompanied by any escort. During the seven hours of constant performing every one remains quiet and absorbed in the play. Smoking was allowed and the fumes of tobacco and such other products which the Chinese indulge in were floating around in fantastic curling clouds.

Every vice with which mankind is cursed, we find carried on in this imported town. Long dark narrow alleys and underground passages are stained with a history of foul murder committed by secret societies, and men banded together for revenge and plunder. Through gloomy stairways of little width, were men and women passing and repassing the entire night, down in deep and dismal cellars where curious, illicit and unlawful things are practiced. In a small

dark room along one of these underground passages with no light, except a queer shaped oil lamp, in filth and rags, we were shown a case of decomposed leprosy, the flesh black and decayed and falling from the bones too vile to gaze upon. We are shown stores, where snails, dried skins, birds' nests, and such other delicacies as chinamen alone can relish, are in great plenty. We are introduced to the gold and silver workers, engaged in melting and carving rings, bracelets and all kinds of novel ornaments. We are also shown into the restaurants where the rich hold their banquets, and where the poor can get a meal from one to five cents. We also take a look at the Joss House, where the big ugly god receives the poor degraded worshippers; besides their figured and carved blocks of wooden gods, are bowls of soup and eatables, water and towels to wash with, burning tapers of incense, and wooden figures as attendants to serve the wants of the god. Chinamen and tourists are walking the streets all night.

We cross the San Francisco Bay on a large ferry-boat, a most beautiful sheet of water several miles wide, forming a secure harbor for loading and unloading the vast fleet of sailing vessels and steamers at anchor. We reach Oakland, an airy city built on hills. The Pacific Railroad runs trains directly through the town free of charge, and long trains well filled are constantly coming and going. Oakland

is a quiet unpretentious place, where are located the homes of many people engaged in business in San Francisco. We spend Sunday July 2nd, in San Francisco and worship at Grace Episcopal Church. The day is given to pleasure and a general good time; stores, theatres and saloons are run with open doors.

VI

FROM San Francisco we turn our course Southward to the noted Monterey with its palatial Del Monte Hotel, the Paradise of the Pacific Coast. Much has been told and written, and a dictionary of superlatives exhausted describing this romantic spot. The very air is delicately sweet and daintily perfumed with delightful odors. The hotel is advertised in full portrait size in almost every hotel and railroad station west of Chicago, and all tourists are anxious to enjoy its accomodations and hospitable tables. The stately front faces a grove of old pines and oaks, whilst the magnificent structure itself stands out boldly in its delicately tinted and gracefully finished outlines covered with flowers and trailing vines, perfuming the air with its fragrant odors. It is surrounded by one hundred and twenty six acres of garden of unparallelled beauty, from the matchless care and attention bestowed upon it. A maze or labyrinth covering acres of cypress hedges enclosing lonely narrow walks, like many other tempting amusements, is simple to stroll into, than when once in, to retrace one's steps. Two croquet grounds, one of asphalt, the other of sand in the form of an ellipse, surrounded with stone

curbing, tennis courts under the thick shade trees, walks and drives, boating and fishing, are diversions and games provided by the management for its guests. Within the hotel, are billiard parlors for ladies and gentlemen, bowling alley, spacious ball-rooms, airy parlors and reception rooms. This paradise of beautiful flowers and many mansions, has its angels and archangels, floating around in its feathery robes and costly dresses more displaying than concealing, with glittering jewels and bewitching eyes. The archangels with their arrow shaped wings and smooth silky head-gear are lazily lounging around in easy chairs and shady groves, living on ambrosia and nectar. We notice many of the female angels have an assumed reddish colored hair, part of it as if worked on a very fine bait fish-net, that looks not unlike in color to a substance that we observed some of the male angels carried in a flask in their hip pockets and at intervals placed to their lips.

We drive around the peninsula, a distance of seventeen miles, by way of the odd town of Monterey, founded by the Spaniards many years ago, which is quietly dreaming in the bright sunshine of generations gone and forgotten. The country abounds with large wooden crosses and pillars planted by Catholic priests and missionaries. Here also the old missions and custom houses can still be seen. We ramble through a park of seven thousand acres, having good

roads, and forests of oak and pine, bordering along the grand old Pacific, with its rugged rock-bound shore, whose silver breakers chase one another upon the sand, dashing their spray high in the air. The soft winds moan among the trees, as we hurry along, the road leading through a cypress grove, peculiar only to this country, stretching their long roots around the rocks, with their foliage drooping to the ground. Two trees in the distance form a perfect picture of two ostriches, face to face. Back in the deep shadows of the forest, hard by the shores of the bay, where white sails are pressing against the winds we see at intervals steamers leaving a long black trail of smoke in their wake against the horizon as they fly away to some foreign port.

We stop to examine a marine exhibition under a canvas tent, displaying all the rare curiosities that inhabit the surrounding waters. We pass by joyous bands in tally-ho coaches and open carriages on their way to the Del Monte. The evening entertains us with a full dress ball.

The morning ushers in the Fourth of July; we greatly enjoy the patriotic music, and the shady walks, a few games of croquet, and the easy chairs on the porches of the Hotel, admiring in them the passing panorama usually seen at such resorts. The pure atmosphere is delicately perfumed with an admixture of roses, mignonette, heliotrope, zephyrs of salt air,

and foams of sweet music. Fathers and mothers with happy smiles, caressing the pleasures enjoyed by the youthful boy, as he celebrates the day in his childish, peaceful and at times warlike antics.

On the morning of the fifth, we start northward, and visit Santa Cruz, a veritable seaside resort. In the absence of any vehicle, we take the electric car, and pass through the centre of the town to the terminus, where we are amused, with rocky shores and several cunning monkeys. On our return we take in the hotel and beach, with its crowd of bathers in bright and scanty suits. Much coquetting under great Japanese umbrellas, planted in the sand obliquely to hide the secret elbowing and youthful affections blooming like a bed of spring rose buds, digging holes in the sand, forming graves of buried sentiment, are noticable. It was the same old museum of monstrosities, the overgrown woman and undersized boy, mothers with marriageable daughters, cracking the same old jokes, in the same old acts, painted and powdered, and with bleached and steamed hair and complexion. The various costumes and the carelessness of the females in unfolding their charms. The band played, the old women jabbered, and every third girl had a boy. Here again we see those who are getting old looking, hunting up the echoes of their decayed youth, whilst mothers are searching

anxiously for eligible sons-in law, much the same as turning over a job lot on the bargain counter.

We reach San Jose, situated in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley and stop at the Hotel Vendome. San Jose can boast of wide streets, beautiful homes and every species of flower, so numerous that one becomes astonished by their wild luxuriance.

Next morning we start for Mount Hamilton, twenty-six miles distant, passing through a beautiful country, checkered with orchards of every variety of fruit. Winding around and around the mountain, we arrive at the summit, where is located the Lick Observatory, holding the largest telescope in the world, poised in a bee-hive like building, a marvel of solidity, to protect it from the encroaching frost and winter storms. The telescope has the appearance of the great Krupp gun at the World's Fair at Chicago. A porter is in constant attendance, and explains the workings of this mammoth piece of intricate workmanship. The secrets of the moon and stars are pictured on the walls, and a little instrument for taking the dimensions of an accidental masquerading earthquake are shown us.

James Lick, the founder of this immense pile of brick and iron, lies buried at the base of the great dome, a conspicuous tombstone, worthy of this gigantic and successful enterprise. The road leading from San Jose to the summit was built at a cost of seventy-

five thousand dollars. Only on Saturday nights are visitors permitted to peep through the telescope.

Next day again finds us in San Francisco resting at the Palace Hotel; we dine at the New California Hotel and call on some friends.

Starting northward, we again cross the great bay to Oakland, and board the train in the evening twilight and in a little while are transported across an arm of the bay on a huge sailing transfer.

The morning finds us among mountains and beautiful valleys. The many fine landscapes become monotonous by reason of a succession of similar objects. We pass Castle Craig, and great piles of rock rising like great Cathedral spires. We stop at Mount Shasta Springs, sufficiently long for all who wish, to drink of its pure water. Mount Shasta keeps us company with its lofty eternal snow-capped summit, away high above its many neighbors.

The rugged sides of the passing mountains are constantly draped with vegetation, trees and rocks. We cross the line into Oregan, with its thick forests of pines and beautiful landscapes. We spend the greater part of the day in an observation car and whilst discussing the beauties of the scenery, we are suddenly interrupted and saddened by the complete wreck of two freight trains trying to pass each other on a single track; and such a wreck, cars splintered into tooth-picks, car loads of empty bottles scattered

around on the green grass, cars piled upon one another like young mountains. The winds moan a sad requiem and the clouds shed little drops of tears for the brave trainmen, who perished in the accident. Arriving on time at Portland, we drive to the Hotel Portland. This is a beautiful city, situated on the Willamette River. We spend Sunday looking over the town, with its wide streets and imposing buildings. Ascending the heights which overlook this beautiful city, and the magnificent surrounding country, a veritable picture gallery is laid open to our view, notably the picturesque river, with its forest of masts and sails stretching out in the distance, and the towering mountains whose crests are covered with snow.

At Portland we change to the Northern Pacific Railroad, and going northward across the Columbia River, by running the entire train on a railway transfer. We arrive at Tacoma in the evening of July 11, and find shelter at the Hotel Tacoma on the shores of Puget Sound. We spend the evening on the spacious veranda listening to the music. In the morning we overlook the town in an electric car. The city is built on high bluffs, from the heights of which one may gaze over the far distant city, in this far off country, and think of the great world of progress, in planting civilization and decking the great sea of water with the white sails of ocean rovers plying in

the coast-wise trade and between points in the far off frozen Alaska.

Climbing the steep hills, on whose terraced sides we find beautiful homes, well kept lawns, adorned with trees of blossoming rose buds and mignonette. We saw and purchased large roses which compared favorably with a good sized dinner plate. Stalks grow more like young trees, the soil being apparently well adapted for the growth of flowers and fruits. Strawberries are as plentiful as the sand on the sea shore. Eight large boxes were selling for twenty-five cents. Here one finds berries measuring from four to nine inches in circumference, growing in such wonderful abundance and the prices are so very low, that the owners of the patches are not justified in paying for the picking, in consequence of which, vast quantities are uncared for, and left to rot and waste on the fields.

While in this far away city, a circus visited it, and entertained the people with the usual street parade, glittering in an embroidery of trappings and paraphernalia, rendering the small boy happy, delighting mothers with their babies in their arms, and seemingly attracting the whole population to the pavements. After viewing the band wagon, knights on horseback, ponies, clowns, and the usual advertising tail end, we board an electric car to go wherever chance may lead; away far off in the country among

the thick forests. At the terminus a walk of a quarter of a mile brings us to the plant of a large smelting establishment, which we thoroughly investigate. Long trains of cars of silver ore, some in bulk, others in packs, stretch out before us. On reaching the uppermost story where the ore and coal are collected, we see broken rocks tumbled into a fiery furnace. Ascending to the lowermost regions of the building where it was as hot as ——a Summer's day, we behold the bright shining silver, hurrying out as if anxious to circulate its value and reveal its hidden beauty, run into iron moulds and heaped up like piles of cord wood. Retracing our steps up the big stony hillside, we go on board a car and go to the extreme other end of the town, to the Northern Pacific car shops.

There is something shivering and exciting, and at at times almost startling to the traveller, away off in this distant and lonely region, still yet, new and undeveloped, riding or driving in the thick dark woods, invested on all sides with the unexpected. You can almost picture the form of a bear, mountain lion or the echo of the wild war whoop of the redskin.

Next morning we start for Victoria and Van Couver's Island and are aboard the steamer by seven o'clock. We touch at Seattle, a thriving city among the hills and steaming along through Puget Sound,

amid rocks and islands, penetrating through long hills and mountains of virgin pine and oak, the steamer ploughing through the calm and unruffled water, renders it a most delightful trip. We arrive at Victoria in the afternoon, and after, being manipulated by Custom House officers, land on British soil. On entering the harbor, the red coats occupy commanding points to guard home interests. The town is odd, and shows traces of rough usage. We hire a carriage, and drive over the entire place. The chief points of interest, are a park of youthful age and size, with its swans and ducks, the Governor's mansion, and a few handsome castles, and old historic landmarks. While a trip to Victoria is not resplendent with excitement, it is a pleasant relief to change from the limited room in a pullman, to the spacious deck of a steamer.

We arrive at Tacoma next morning about nine o'clock and climbing the big hill, breakfast at the Pacific Hotel. In the evening, we take the train for Spokane, passing through dense forests, at times almost impenetrable, over innumerable streams of water and swamps formed by the melting snow on the distant mountains, and through green fields looking fresh in their primitive wildness, only awaiting the plow of the husbandman to tickle the rich soil and make it laugh with a plentiful and abundant harvest.

Reaching Spokane, we stop at the Spokane House. Life seems to go easy, and is delightful in this city of fifteen thousand inhabitants. The morning opening bright, we take a trip to Minnehaha Springs, a pleasure-ground laid out for pic-nics and Sunday recreation. The Spokane Falls, whence the city takes its name come dashing down as if from the distant clouds, over great rocks at a rapid foaming speed, and present a beautiful spectacle from the high bridge overlooking them.

VII

WE leave Spokane, in the morning, and a little while later cross the slender handle of Idaho. Stations are few and at long intervals, we cross over into the big state of Montana. Every station has its straggling Indians awaiting arrival of the trains, decorated with beads, slippers and polished cattle and buffalo horns for sale. At Massouli one observes the wild and yet uncivilized Indian, in his fantastic get-up, crouching on the station platform, the real live Indians, squaw and their entire outfit, with feathers and paint, in their copper colored fierceness. Their tents of skin, from which issue curling smoke, creeping out between the poles, the squaw with her pappoose strapped on her back or resting against the tree, the lazy buck smoking his long pipe in idleness, all the while wearing an appearance, which betrays his secret savage nature.

We arrive at Helena about nine o'clock in the evening; the station a mile from the city, taking the electric car and are rapidly whirled into the city, stop at Hotel Helena. Helena is a thriving town, full of life, located on rolling hills, around and even under-

neath the city, are said to be vast mining interests. A few miles from the city is located the Broadwater Hotel, right back of the Helena mountain, and is reached by electric cars. The hotel is beautifully located, a two-storied cottage like structure, with an endless array of porches and graceful towers, surrounded by ornamental grounds; close by is erected a twin towered Natatorium of Moorish style, said to be the largest swimming pool in the world. Its dimensions are three hundred feet long, by one hundred feet wide, the hot water falling in cascades over large rocks and then emptying into the pool. The entire length and breadth is spanned by great iron arches, thirty to forty feet high, forming a dome-like roof. Around the whole building are circular windows with colored glass, casting a soft and refulgent light upon the bathers. The pool is from three to ten feet deep as you advance, the temperature of the water is at places hot, and others a delightful warm, according to the distance where it bubbles up from the hot spring. For the more frisky bathers are provided floating horses of wood, hollow balls and boxes, and such other treacherous articles of amusement to exercise the skill of the expert and active swimmer and diver, frequently affording great amusement to the spectators. We leave Helena, Sunday July 16th and after passing

through a dry dusty country by night, arrive at Livingston and stop at the Albemarle House.

Next morning we take the train for Cinebar, fifty-one miles distant, which passes through a wild and mountainous country, stretching along the Yellowstone River. On the route, the Devil's Sliding Board is pointed out, a long broad smooth passage extending from the gap at the top of the mountain down to its very base, wears the appearance of constant usage.

Cinebar is the entrance to the Yellowstone Park, which is situated among the grim and towering Rocky Mountains. In Yellowstone Park, the Government has presented to the people a National Park, the like of which is said to be unequalled in the world. It is located in Northwestern Wyoming and touches the states of Montana and Idaho. The Park is about sixty-five miles long, and fifty-five miles wide. Travellers report there is yet much outside, that is wonderful and interesting and at some future day the government will add a vast area to its present possessions. It is a country made up of a combination of the extraordinary and terrible. Nature hiding away her powers and unfolding her matchless surprises in the shape of geysers and countless hot springs, as well as affording a most lavish exhibition of beautiful scenery.

From Cinebar, we stage seven miles to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel in the Park. The large hot

springs are built to a height of twenty to thirty feet of a succession of piled up terraces, and are continually being raised by the constant deposits of the overflow. The terraces are colored in white, orange and brown, a work of beauty, like great heaps of fine lace-work wrought, by the most artistic hand. You can look deep down into the clear blue hot springs, and distinctly see the beautiful spray embroidered and ornamented structure around whose edges are frequently a variety of colors. Close by are two large spires or chimneys—spent geysers, one named the Liberty Cap, the other, the Devil's Thumb. We visit the Devil's Kitchen, thirty to forty feet deep, and about a dozen of us descend to the subterannean cavern by means of a dilapidated wooden ladder. Evidently it is an extinct hot spring, the presence of hot vapor and sulphurous gases discourages extensive explorations, whilst closer proximity to its murky diabolical surroundings stimulates a quick desire to give a wider berth to his satanic majesty and to betake ourselves very hastily to the outer world. Crossing the great Elephant's Back, we return to the hotel.

Uncle Sam has here regular military barracks, well supplied with cavalry; in fact all through the park, the blue coat meets and shadows you to every point of interest, promptly correcting the slightest depredation, whilst scouts are employed to roam over the entire park. The rules and regulations are very

strict and are rigidly enforced, by immediate arrest and relegation beyond the line.

Next morning we prepare for the seven days' trip. Everybody is registered and seats are adjusted.

All are on a lookout for notables and distinguished tourists, as both natives of our own country and foreigners are continually going and coming. The first stage with four spanking horses contained Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior and family, comprising with friends seventeen persons. Next stage, Monsigneur Satolli, bishops, priests and professors. Next a jolly load of American and Cuban bachelors, and thus at intervals of fifteen minutes a stage was loaded and dispatched. Nine stages started on the morning of the 18th of July. Every driver holds his post and passengers keep their exact seats in the stage throughout the entire journey. Each stage accomodates twelve to twenty passengers.

With the crack of the whip and the waving of farewells, we are off. Around the white terraces of the Mammoth Hot Springs with their hot steam and sulphur fumes, soon we are whirled and buried among the piled up rocks hurled and broken by the action of heat and water into all conceivable shapes, with the river deep down on one side and the perpendicular mountains on the other. Immediately in front, like a monument of heaped up rocks in the middle of the road, but leaving sufficient room by cautious driving

to pass between two rocky pillars, we enter the Golden Gate of the Yellowstone Park. The construction of the road is a marvel of engineering skill and ingenuity, here passing through solid rock, there hugging the brink of the rapid river, whilst further on the sides of the mountain are cut away just wide enough for a single stage to pass along, then again in some places stretching through green praries, in others hemmed in on all sides by snow-covered mountains, a little distance from the road, great piles of snow yet remain presenting a charming scene of beauty. To the left of the road are the Obsidion Cliffs, a peculiar opaque formation of volcanic glass two hundred and fifty feet high, glittering in the bright sunshine; part of the roadway is built of this glassy material, said to be the only piece of glass road in the world. During the Indian reign, it was considered neutral ground, the glass being used to make arrow heads. Beaver Lake, the first large sheet of water, appears on the right. A large beaver house is shown on the opposite side in the lake, and the beavers are sporting among the bushes on the banks. Beautiful boiling hot springs, raise their heads along the roadside, and among them is one representing the morning glory, a most perfect colored formation of that early morning bloomer.

Norris Geyser is reached for lunch, where the noisy comical minstrel, "Irish Larry," acts as end

man during the partaking of refreshments. The hotel had been destroyed by a carelessly and hastily built fire, by hunters, and a large canvas tent was set up to furnish a place for a dining room. After lunch, our party and others, leave the station in advance of the stages, and explore the country along the road. The sun is very hot, and vapor surrounds us on all sides, and the white formation is constantly kept so bright and shining from the overflow of boiling water, as to render it exceedingly painful to the eyes, and smoked glasses are employed to soften the dazzling glare. All trees and vegetation within the embrace of these poisonous eruptions and emissions soon succumb. Little and big geysers where least expected, first here, and then there, are encountered, throwing up their hot bubbling water. Every turn in the road develops some new entanglement. Among the great geysers is the monarch, a most terrible, contortuous green lipped looking monster, which was in a state of inactivity, although at certain periods of the year it violently ejects immense quantities of boiling frothing water.

While some are sitting quietly beneath the scanty shade of a dying pine tree, and others gasping for breath under umbrellas, a hissing boiling noise alarms us. As it is a region that impresses you with sudden surprises and dangers, and as most every one has heard of some fatal and sad misfortune which has hap-

pened on previous trips to the tourist we are on the alert, and shortly the first sight of a geyser in full action, throwing up water and steam forty to fifty feet high; the overflow is short lived, the greater portion of the water falls back again into the subterranean cavern, and gradually disappears below the surface. Along come the stages, and all are glad, as the sun is very powerful, and all around us is gas and spray.

The country seems to be made up of thin coatings of white lime which resounds a dangerous hollowness to the footsteps, and thus great care must be exercised, otherwise sad and often fatal accidents befall the tourist.

Whilst at Norris Geyser Basin, a great conflagration broke out, through campers having thoughtlessly set the forest on fire. Miles of blazing pine trees could be seen thrusting their fiery tongues above other trees, creating immense banks of black smoky clouds, which entirely obscured the rays of the sun. It was a frightful, though wonderfully grand sight, as the flames gradually crawling towards the lunch station, which is now all bustle and confusion. A fire of this dimension is not easily quenched, remote from all modern fire departments, and extinguishers, feeding, as it does, upon such inflammable material. Soldiers and horseman were running and riding in every direction to stay its progress, and only after miles of de-

struction, were the devastating flames satisfied with their destruction.

As we drive along, we are greeted by constant puffs of steam from the hot springs dotting the roadside, and now and then by a geyser in full action, cantering the horses at times through the hot water. A halt is called and several stages assemble, and alighting, all walk to a beautiful spring in a shady grove, they call it the Appollinaris Spring and producing our cups allay our thirst.

In a little while we approach a section of country fitly named "Heils Half Acre," the skeleton trees, with leafless and long, sunburnt, bony looking, branches, immutably planted in the treacherous formation, which completely roofs over the secret and mysteriously writhing interior abode of torture, whose powers for mischief are only bridled by nature's hidden hand. The atmosphere is oppressively saturated with vile nauseous gas, and steam and sulphurous odors, in which the incorrigible spectres seem delightfully and contentedly revelling. In the midst of this demoralizing and and murky disturbance, is located the Caaba of the park, the Great Excelsior Geyser, the largest in the park, over three hundred feet in length, and two hundred feet in width, a seething, boiling terror to look upon, surrounded with a treacherous hem, that to step upon it is to be roasted and boiled alive. At long intervals this horrible chasm

lacerates the air with a colossal mound of piled up water intermingled with stones, mud and such other discarded rubbish that the lapse of time might expect from the Spring and Fall house cleaning. The environs are not of a fascinating character to the tourist, so that when he receives an invitation to move along, the fate of Lot's wife begins to materialize and curiosity gives way to a desire to charge your heels with electricity. Close by is Mirror Lake. In the same vicinity is the singular Turquois Hot Spring, very much resembling that odd jewel.

Entering the Lower Geyser Basin, forty miles long, we put up at the Fountain Hotel, which we reach about four o'clock in the afternoon, and after having regaled ourselves with an early supper, the entire party start out to see the sights. Acres of strange white formation, in their solitude and barrenness, are spread out before us, dotted here and there with groups of from five to ten travelers. The country is diversified with curious little mounds of coping, like precious stones set in the earth, differing in form and color, from which the escaping steam rises, as if the entire country was one vast manufacturing city. A few minutes walk brings us to the Fountain Geyser, about thirty feet in diameter, the eruptions occurring every two hours and continuing to play with great force from ten to fifteen minutes. Some of the jets ascend forty to sixty feet, and form a perfect picture

of a mammoth fountain, producing a memorable spectacle. A short distance further on are located the peculiar and strange looking Paint Pots or boiling mud caldrons, in a space from fifty to seventy feet in diameter. In these great pots is a mass of fine mortar substance, portions of it being red, pink, brown, and white, which is in a constant state of action, frequently making it interesting, if perchance it falls on the hand or face, as you shake it off with a jerk as sudden as though you had come in contact with the business horn of a wasp. The park contains buffalo, elk, moose, bears and many varieties of wild animals, hidden away in the mountains, covered with thick woods and tangled undergrowth. Rumor tells us that in a large hot spring in the mountain may be seen the bleached skeleton of an immense buffalo, having in its hurried flight from the hunter, sought refuge in the spring; also that a playful pet dog, leaped into a hot spring after a "cast into" stick and instantly disappeared from sight. In the evening, the entire party walked to the back of the hotel, on the borders of a thick woods to watch for the bears which prowl around the kitchen door about twilight in search of discarded table remnants, but as they did not appear, we ventured the conjecture, that the big crowd put the bearship on their guard, being keen of eye to suspect, and acute of ear to sniff danger from afar.

Leaving Fountain Hotel, we continue our journey Southward. This is a very interesting part of the country. The Firehole River drains the valley, whilst streaming hot springs and geysers are plentiful on every side and at any moment a sharp turn in the road, may entertain you with a sheet of water for five or ten minutes.

The Upper Geyser Basin contains the grandest and mightiest geysers. Arriving at the Lunch Station, we satisfy our appetites, and then lounging around wearily smoking, as we seek a few moments repose, seated in very uncomfortable straight back chairs. The very earth seems to tremble, and strange rumbling sounds were frequently heard, as if great sheets of water were surging to and fro, while the air was impregnated with sulphur causing every one to complain of sore lips and noses.

Crossing the river on a narrow plank with a hand rail, some one calls out Old Faithful is playing. A few hundred feet ahead of us, this ever faithful geyser which performs its part every sixty-three minutes, fullfils its promise by throwing out a mantle of hot water and steam one hundred and fifty feet high. Old Faithful is a great favorite with the tourist, and many hotels and offices are decorated with its portraits in full dress uniform.

We are now among the geysers, great and small, here we find the Bee Hive Geyser, so called on ac-

count of its resembling that structure, and when in motion discharges a sheet of water to an altitude of two hundred and twenty feet, then on the elevation stands the Giant Geyser, which casts forth its entire contents instantly flooding all around it. Then again the Sponge Geyser is pointed out, bearing as it does a marked similarity to that commercial article both in color and formation; farther on we see the Lion, and Lioness, and Cubs Geysers, some of which are in action. The Castle Geyser, whose coping rises like an old delapidated structure and is the happy possessor of the largest coping in the region.

In the afternoon we return to the Fountain Hotel, where we spend the night as there are no accommodations at the Lunch Station.

In the morning we take the same route again, revisiting the home of Old Faithful and his companions. We arrive as he is in full activity, and after a change of horses, we proceed on our way, across the Continental Divide. A roaring of waters breaks upon our ears, and soon we reach the Kepler Falls, and then come to Thumb Bay of the Yellowstone Lake, which resembles a hand, whose thumb is represented by this point. It is a beautiful spot, the lake expanding out before you as far as the eye can reach. Around the place are numerous hot springs and interesting Paint Pots. One large hot spring is only a few feet from the lake, and standing upon the shore one can

catch trout, and dropping them into the boiling spring, cook them without removing the hook. This being a lunch Station, refreshments are served under a canvas tent, from long wooden tables, surrounded by long wooden benches. Many of the party complain of being sick on account of drinking the cooled hot spring water or the coffee made from the same.

A steamer runs from this point to the Lake Hotel so that those who wish, for an extra fare and having a preference to ride over unknown depths of hot springs, can enjoy a voyage by water. We remain by the stages. After a change of horses, we start, hugging the shore of the lake, and after a pleasant drive, reach the hotel about five o'clock in the afternoon. At night a party of us charter the steamer and make a moonlight excursion on the Yellowstone Lake, returning at midnight. In the morning we again take the stages, and are whirled along a road leading through a rolling country. We stop long enough to examine the Mud Geyser, about thirty feet in depth, formed by mud being ejected from below, through a hollow cave-like opening under a large rock from which repulsive leaden colored masses of thick mud is constantly belched out, accompanied by a dull murmuring noise as it forces up the mud and then swallowing the entire greasy contents in an instant only to again eject it.

As we drive along the shore of the lake, we observe many fishing parties encamped and catching trout that are as plentiful as the rocks, fine large fellows they are, and, strange as may seem, no small ones are ever caught. It is a paradise for the angler. There are only two or three months in the year during which travelers can visit this region, and the trout, untempted by the wily fishermen, multiply very rapidly. So abundant are they, that some of our party began pounding them with stones; shoals of them are seen playing along the shore and become an easy prey to the fly.

Before us is a large mountain resembling an enormous Elephant's Back; we leave the lake and pass through a thinly wooded country, stewn with a flooring of dead tangled and gradually dying standing trees, many of the tree tops seem to have been broken off by the storms and winds, completely stripped of all their branches; resembling large high telegraph poles fifty to one hundred feet high, on the very top of these, eagles find a safe retreat to build their nests. Numerous fine specimens of this king of birds we see in driving along, flying from tree to tree. Approaching the lake again, we enter into the mosquito reservation where millions of these little hungry insects, that almost darken the sun, prey upon us. A fight for supremacy follows, but the mosquitoes being inthe large majority, our strong arms grow tired of

the slaughter and waving our pocket handkerchiefs, they are left to have things their own way. After passing through this section of distress and pain, we rub our itching wounds and smooth our rumpled features, not knowing what new adventure may be awaiting us.

Our ears are again greeted by the heavy roar of falling waters, and we approach the Upper Falls of the Yellowstone. In passing this mighty water power, we stop and look back. The sheet of water comes dashing over the rugged rocks, down a perpendicular drop of two hundred feet landing on a shelving rock, and then dashing down into the river below. We cross the stream over a scanty high creaky wooden bridge, underneath it are the Cascade Falls spreading out like an open fan, Ascending a steep hill we find on its summit the Canõn Hotel to be located.

As twilight deepens upon the solitude, and the day is slowly passing out of the Western gateway, we ascend to the top of the steep sloping roof of the hotel, upon which are narrow porches for the tourist to meditate and ponder, far away from home and friends, as he gazes upon the dark black dense woods, inhabited by droves of wild beasts. No doctor, no drugs, no nothing, but human sympathy and loving hands are present to administer to our wants. In the morning when Aurora had put out the stars, and the sun

had melted the dew-drops from the grass and foilage, we lingered around on the porches and under the shade of the trees, watching the many parties starting out for points of interest. Long, rough and jolly drives must be often taken to see the hidden beauties of the Park. Following the example of our friends and companions, we load up a carriage. Slowly dragging along over rough roads, old stumps of trees, rocks and washed out roads, at intervals being merely a narrow passage way cut through the dense woods, we reach Point Lookout, and walking out to the edge of the Point, we get a glimpse of the Grand Canon. Unlike other points of interest we had seen, in place of looking upward to grasp and comprehend its wonderful outlines, we go to the brink and looked downward to a depth of twelve to seventeen hundred feet, in order to survey the hidden jewels, and such a casket of dazzling splendor. As we gaze down the perpendicular we are awed into silence; the poverty of language renders an adequate and faint expression of our admiration impossible. Driving a little further up the mountain another stop is made. Picking our way through brush and fallen tangled trees we reach a narrow ledge of rocks, and by cautious crawling on hands and knees, the venturesome can attain the very brink of Inspiration Point, at which point the Canon to the right and to the left is open without any obstruction. You are at once startled with a sight

that strikes terror into the very soul, and sends the blood burning through the veins, and produces a beating in the temples. Time and the whole world seem to be at a standstill permitting us of easy breathing for the moment in which we are allowed to stop and wonder at the strange and unaccountable force within, enabling us to stand and wonder, with such calm audacity and unconsciousness on our small pedal points of the present, drifting away to fine realities and dreamland. Wonder at its pomp! Wonder at its grandeur! Wonder at its perfection! Wonder at its dazzling, bewildering and amazing combined creation! Wonder at its mesmeric charms as the cascades of joys percolate through dreamy realization!

The bright noonday sunshine falling upon this naked spectacle, like the visions of a beautiful dream, all color, all glitter and delicate tints, all joy and hope seems thrown at your feet.

As we gaze down in the profound depths of the canon, along the sides sloping to the water's edge, we note some rocks are fashioned into great pyramids, others into stately monuments, or ragged ruins of ancient temples, whose pillows only remain cleverly inlaid with a wealth of color, that only a skillful hand could build. Turrets of rock shoot up, and wear the appearance as if drenched in blood, abounding in a wilderness of color, from the softest and most delicate shade to the most coarse and inelegant hues. It

appears af if one of those gorgeous mountain sunsets had fallen into this awful abyss. Here you have pink, orange, red, yellow and white, commingled together, the rocks crumbling and rolling down, creating new tints as if a number of rainbows had dropped out of the sky, and hung themselves, like flaming banners, on the walls of rock and crumbled clay.

In the midst of this jewelled casket, a river curls along, trembling and jostling over rough rocks, the majestic roll of the waves hugging each other in the whirling white foam, and so stirred up, rushes onward and downward, furiously hissing, into the arms of another rock only to be dashed to the next.

In the distance to the right, a white sparkling sheet of water, the Upper Falls, are observed coming rushing over the dark deep gap among the rocks and trees, falling down two hundred feet into the river and hurried unceremoniously onward over the Lower Falls, three hundred and sixty feet and splashing along, passes Inspiration Point, forming a long blue tortuous line in its unbridled progress as it chases wave after wave in its royal march to the sea.

Although quite a crowd of our distinguished party had gathered almost unnoticed by each other, when the power of speech returned, they unanimous-agreed the scene excelled anything ever witnessed, although many had visited nearly every corner of the earth. Tears rolled down some of their cheeks, whilst

others panted for breath, and placed their hands over their eyes.

Walking on a short distance further, the canon gradually slopes down a long incline, the colored rocks and clay on the edge crumbling to dust, forming long lines to the water's edge, mingling gradually as tints under the brush of a skillful painter, loosing themselves in one effect, as distance grows greater.

Whilst lounging around, and sitting on fallen trees, some talking, others more serious by thinking, the stage picks us up and we return to the hotel.

Our next day's drive being a short one, we are astir and out as the early dawn is ushered in through the purple doorway of the East, enjoying the cool and invigorating atmosphere. The road penetrates a pleasantly wooded and charmingly deversified country. Passing Virginia Cascade, we cautiously pick our way over shelving rocks, and soon arriving at Norris Geyser Basin again, we lunch with our Irish Larry. Another start is made, and as we near the Gold Gate one of our horses swooned, and suddenly fell to the ground, the other horse tumbling over him, and the leaders backing created the "Horse Falls" of the Yellowstone, occasioning such a combination of tangled legs, harness and horse flesh that seemed well nigh impossible. Raising the alarm signal the oncoming stage soon reached us in a full run, and in a little while the horses were on their legs again, and the

harness arighted. A short distance further on the same mishap befell us, the horse again going down in a similar mix up. The signal was sounded and onward came the back stage to our assistance, the horses at full gallop. As we approached the river over a narrow part of the road cut out of the side of the mountain our journey appeared fraught with danger and fearing a third fall from our untrustworthy horse would prove fatal, some of the passengers left us and crowded into the other stages. We pass the Obsidian Cliffs, through the Golden Gate in safety, as the sun is reclining in the lap of evening tide and reached the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, July 22nd.

In explanation, would say: the stages running through the Yellowstone Park, are of superior quality and harnessed with splendid horses, requiring cautious and thoughtful drivers, strict discipline, to report any irregularity or delay promptly to the proper authorities. The runs are on regular schedule time, every stage having a certain distance intervening, so there is no racing, or inconvenience from clouds of dust of the following stages. Any accident befalling a stage, in ten to fifteen minutes assistance will come galloping to your relief. The last stage of every day's start is equipped with a full set of repair utensils. The drivers are well posted and willingly disseminate very interesting information for the edification of the gay galaxy under their

charge, of course, which makes a seat beside or in close proximity to him very desirable and often telegraphed ahead for.

On Sunday morning we leave for Cinebar, awaiting the train, we explore the taxidermist stores and station surroundings. After seven days of staging, we take the train for Livingston situated on the Northern Pacific Railroad. In a short time we are seated in a comfortable Pullman scheduled for the East. The morning finds us rapidly hastening over a beautiful open country, whilst at every railroad station, the Indian presents himself lazily loitering about in his gaudy skins and hideously painted features. We pass the state line into North Dakota. The country is rolling and broken, whose botanical and geological formation as studied from and through the car windows bears the appearance and carries the impression of the promiscuous and highly extravagantly miscellaneous qualities of the soil.

The conductor announces that we are entering the Bad Lands. It is a region where fire and water seem to be fighting for the champion belt, and an earthquake had been called in for arbitration. The road dodging and winding through the labyrinth of natures upheaval, the pictorial memetic imagination of man in their fantastical grouping can conjure up mounds like great bee hives and castles, building and crumbling into dust with but their long bony pillars

left standing. Hottentot huts, as we used to see them in our school books, with their towers and walls fallen into picturesque confusion abound.

Crossing the Missouri River we soon reach Bismarck which is quite a growing town. Night overtakes us, we roll into our little berths, rocked to sleep by the same old music produced by the spinning of the wheels over the jointed rails, re-echoing—Devil-a-Bit-Devil-a-Bit.

Morning finds us in the state of Minnesota, the land of lakes, rivers and big forests. At Brainerd we change cars and breakfast, and then continue through a lumbering country comprising saw mills and walls of piled up lumber. Passing through the city of Superior we finally reach Duluth on the shores of the lake of the same name. We put up at the Baldwin House, and after having taken dinner, oversee the town. We behold high cliffs frowning down upon the city, some of which are studded with comfortable homes. In the evening, we take the hill cog-wheel railroad, and ascend to the top of the cliff, upon which is built a large wooden pavillion, where the Theodore Thomas Orchestra was engaged in giving a series of concerts.

Next morning after passing through a level country we arrive at Saint Paul, and stop at the Bryan Hotel. Saint Paul is a broad gauged city, and the private residences are located high up on the bluffs of

the river, and in style are sumptuous, elegant and tasteful. Fort Snelling on the banks of the Mississippi, is beautifully located, the grounds being laid out in walks and shady groves. The military quarters are built of stone and the soldiers life looks like one of luxury and ease.

We cross the river to Minneapolis and stop at the West House. This is a wide open city, well equipped with fine buildings, handsome stores and charming suburbs. Here are located the largest flouring mills in the world. The Falls of St. Anthony are harnessed and furnish the motive power. Lake Harriolt a beautiful sheet of water, a few miles distant, is reached by electric cars, where a handsome pavillion is erected for the visitors to enjoy the warm summer evenings and regaled with music and refreshments.

Returning to St. Paul we take the cars for Milwaukee where we arrive on the afternoon of July 29th stopping at the Plankington Hotel. This is a busy city and the many private residences occupying entire streets, of most elegant homes, surrounded with spacious grounds, and ornamented with statuary and flowers. There are delightful public grounds along the shore, and the whole place flavors of wealth and prosperity.

Monday, we start for Chicago and the White City. We stop first at the Bankers Hotel, but in the

morning move to the Vendome Club our old quarters. The Fair is now at its zenith, and in complete and perfect running order. Midway Plaisance is not so foreign looking as on our first visit, since a Turk may now be seen wearing a high silk hat; the scanty and economical dress of the New Zealander having been now discarded for shirt and pants, whilst the Egyptian wears a long coat and slouch hat. But all goes for fun and money. The drum and shrill horn pass for music. The Ferris Wheel makes its airy revolutions, and everybody keeps in the middle of the road.

We set out for Indianapolis, and stop at the Bates House, and spend Sunday looking around the city. Monday morning we start for Cincinnati, and put up at the Burnett House. This is a dark and gloomy looking city. We ascend the high bluffs in an elevator, carrying car and passengers, where a fine view of the city lies at your feet. We leave Cincinnati on an evening train, and roling along, secure in the arms of natures sweet restorer, over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad across mountains, around short curves, and down into valleys, we reach Washington and hasten on to Baltimore and hie ourselves to the Carrollton Hotel, gratified beyond the power of speech with our success in traversing about eleven thousand miles without any accident or missing a single connection by train, steamboat or stage.

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